

Make or Break

Story: Make or Break

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Author: ThatPersonYouMightKnow

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Summary: Bored one day, Scar decides to try and break up Simba and Nala's newfound friendship.

***Chapter 1*: Chapter 1: Nala's New Friend**

AN: Me again. Time for the second story. And it takes place the morning after the previous one, in case you're wondering. Enjoy!

Make or Break

Chapter One: Nala's New Friend

Nala awoke the following morning with a wide smile on her face.

Why? Because she had a friend! At long last! She had someone to have fun with! She hadn't felt this happy in such a long time!

Yesterday, Nala had moved into the Pride Lands with her mother, and her mother suggested that she should try and make some friends. After some failed attempts, she ended up accidentally bumping into Simba. Quite literally, actually.

Now Simba was someone you could have fun with! She couldn't remember a time when she'd had as much fun as yesterday. Simba and her just seemed so alike. They liked the same games, liked to talk about the same things, and they got on really well. They both had quickly become the best of friends.

Out of all the people she could have picked to be her friend, Simba was by far the best. Nala wouldn't have it any other way. He was just... the right person for her.

She got to her feet, and padded across the den and over to Simba, who was sleeping peacefully.

He was snoring lightly, and was muttering in his sleep.

"I just can't wait to be King... I just can't wait to be King..."

Nala giggled at this funny sight. He managed to be entertaining, even when he was asleep. She nudged him lightly, waking him up.

His eyes flicked open. "Nala?" he said, rubbing his eyes. "You woke me up?"

"Yeah," she replied, smiling.

"I was having a good dream, too," he told her.

"Let me guess... Were you thinking about how you just can't wait to be King?" she guessed playfully.

"How did you know?" he asked, sounding surprised.

"You were talking in your sleep."

Simba then looked embarrassed. "Oh..."

Nala giggled. "It was actually kinda funny."

Simba rubbed his eyes. "So, what do you want to do today?"

"Let's go find a really cool place!" he suggested excitedly.

"Cool place?" said Nala. "Like where?"

Simba shrugged. "I don't know, but let's go look!"

He hopped to his feet, ready to go look for an adventure. He bounded off toward the den exit, surprising Nala for a second. He seemed very eager to do something. But then again, when didn't he?

The two were nearly out of the den when a figure stood in their way, stopping Simba dead in his tracks.

"Simba, where are you going?"

Simba smiled innocently at the sight of his father, Mufasa. "Oh... Me and Nala were just going to... explore."

Mufasa frowned. "I hope you're not thinking of sneaking off anywhere you shouldn't be."

Simba grinned. "Dad, how many times have I done that before?"

"Seventeen," came the reply.

Simba's face dropped. Nala giggled. "Oh... Well, I promise I won't this time. Can I go now?"

After a curious look at Simba, Mufasa smiled. "Very well. But you'll be in big trouble if I catch you in the Outlands. Understand?"

Simba smiled and nodded. "I understand." He turned to Nala. "Come on, Nala. Let's go."

The two ran around Mufasa and made their way down Pride Rock. Mufasa sighed as he watched the two leave.

His mate, Sarabi, wandered over to Mufasa, and followed his gaze. "They're not causing trouble again, are they?"

"I hope not," he replied. "I did warn him, but you know what Simba's like."

"Well, maybe now that he has a friend she'll be able to restrain him a little more," she told him.

"Maybe." Mufasa looked into his mate's eyes. "But, don't you find it a little odd who he chose to be his friend?"

"It's not surprising." She smiled, and began to echo Mufasa when he was just a cub. "'You're my best friend, Sarabi.'"

Mufasa rolled his eyes. "I suppose I had that coming. Still, you never know... They might find they have an attraction to each other... One of these days."

"So, what's this place?" Nala asked as Simba led her into a spooky-looking area. The place looked deserted, dark and creepy. Dead trees and old rocks littered the place. It was probably the only part of the Pride Lands that *didn't* look beautiful.

"My Uncle Scar lives around here," Simba replied. "He likes to be on his own a lot. I don't know why, though..."

"It's kinda creepy around here," she commented, looking around. "I don't see why *anyone* would ever want to live here."

Simba nodded. "My Uncle Scar's kinda weird. He's still cool, though, and knows a lot of really neat stuff."

Nala shivered when she lifted up a rock and found the skull of a lion underneath. "Are you sure he's the only one who lives here?" she asked, holding the skull up for Simba to see.

"Whoa!" he exclaimed, running over to Nala and looking at the skull over. "I never noticed that here before!"

"Maybe that's because it *wasn't* here before," she suggested, holding the skull up to her face and peeking inside. She recoiled in horror, dropping the skull.

"What is it?" Simba asked.

"There's still... bits of brain in there," Nala replied, disgusted.

"Let me see," he said, picking up the skull and looking inside. "Gross!" he exclaimed, before putting the skull on top of his head. "Nice fit, though, huh?"

Nala batted the skull off the top of his head, smiling. "That's just sick."

"But cool," he said. "I wonder who put that skull there?"

"I bet it was your Uncle Scar," Nala replied.

"Uncle Scar?" Simba shook his head. "Nah. He wouldn't do anything like that."

"Then who did do it?" Nala challenged.

"Um... Somebody," Simba replied.

Nala smiled. "Good answer."

"Hey, it's kind of right," he argued.

"It doesn't narrow it down much," she said, walking over to a pile of rocks and searching through them. She screamed.

"What is it?" Simba asked, running over to her.

She pointed nervously at the pile of rocks. "M-M-More skulls," she stammered, scared.

"Someone *really* likes these things," Simba joked.

***Chapter 2*: Chapter 2: Scar's Form of Entertainment**

Chapter Two: Scar's Form of Entertainment

Nala rolled her eyes. "Very funny, Simba."

"You're not scared, are you?" Simba asked, moving closer to her.

"No," she replied, a little too quickly. "I'm just... cautious."

"Come on, Nala," he said. "There aren't any monsters around here. And even if there were, you wouldn't need to."

"And why's that?"

"I'll protect us!" he declared bravely.

Nala prodded Simba in the chest. "Yeah, right. You told me yesterday you were scared of spiders."

"So?" he said. "You're scared of spiders, too."

Nala was then lost for words. "Oh... Well..."

Simba smiled triumphantly. "Got ya there."

"Oh, yeah?" Nala growled playfully, and leapt on top of Simba, pinning him down with ease. "This is one thing you *can't* beat me at."

High up above in a dark, eerie cave, Scar was awake by the sound of Simba and Nala playing together. He growled angrily, infuriated by the fact that his rest had been disturbed.

What is that racket? he asked in his mind, quickly getting up and walking over to the cave opening. *Can't I sleep for more than one hour before being disturbed by—*

"I'll beat you one day!" Simba declared to Nala, interrupting Scar's thoughts.

"Simba, you'll never find a way to beat me," she told him. "You know I'm the best at this game."

Up in his cave, Scar watched the two cubs curiously. *I see my repulsive nephew has managed to find himself a little playmate. And it's a female, too... How intriguing. They seem very close, too. Very close indeed...*

And that's when Scar's thoughts became very sinister, more sinister than they already were.

Oh... It would be so delightful to see their friendship end. To see them break up soon after their friendship has only just begun would be so... entertaining. At least, it would be entertaining to me. Anyone else would just find it sad... but I'm not just anyone.

Scar realised that today - like most days for him - were going to be extremely long, tiresome and boring. Every day Scar spent in the Pride Lands made him feel like he was getting stupider as he lived out what barely qualified for a life here.

I don't have any plans for today... At least, no plans for taking over the Pride Lands, killing my brother and my irritating nephew in the process. So, maybe I should...

Scar chuckled evilly, a sinister smile forming on his face.

I should break up Simba and his little girlfriend. It would at least provide something entertaining to watch, and might make this dull, monotonous day easier to bare. And who knows? Maybe breaking them up might eliminate Simba's annoying self-confidence act he likes to put on so much. That would make my day. And when the day when I take over the Pride Lands comes - and it will come - Simba might just be that little bit easier to kill.

Scar's evil smile turned into a grin, as he realised that today might just turn out to be not so boring after all. It might just be the most entertaining day he'd had in a long while, ever since that night he burnt a hyena alive for disagreeing with him...

Simba flipped Nala over so he was pinning her down. "Aha!" he exclaimed. "See? I *can* beat you!"

Nala simply smiled, and pushed her hind paws into Simba's stomach, flipping him over her head and onto the ground.

Nala took this as an easy opportunity to pin him down once more.

"No, you can't," she said with a giggle.

"How do you do that?" Simba asked, astounded.

"I'm just naturally good at it," she replied.

"Fine, I admit it, I can't beat you. Yet. Now let me up."

"Fine," she said, letting Simba up. She then turned around and walked away. "At least now you admit that you—"

Nala then gasped as she tripped over a rock, and almost hit her head on a sharp rock a few feet away. Luckily for her, Simba caught her.

"Careful," he said, putting her back on her feet. "I told you I'd protect us, didn't I?"

"Thanks," Nala said to him, and she looked at the rock she would have hit her head on. If it wasn't for Simba, then that would have most likely killed her.

"No problem," he said back to her.

"You're a really great friend," she told him truthfully.

Simba smiled. "You're a really great friend, too."

The two then hugged each other in a friendly embrace. They knew they were pretty much going to be inseparable from that moment onwards.

Unfortunately, as touching as this friendly gesture from the two cubs was, it gave Scar the perfect opportunity to sneak past them without them noticing.

Scar gave one last look at the two cubs before he left down his shortcut to the Outlands.

Aw... How touching, he thought sarcastically. It's a shame it's going to be over all too soon. Scar chuckled evilly. Actually, it's not a shame at all. It's actually quite fun.

Scar then disappeared, making his way toward the Outlands. He knew just the people to break up Simba and Nala's newfound friendship. He'd use his top three hyena minions. The ones who would do whatever it said if it meant they would get the smallest scrap of zebra or wildebeest.

Scar laughed evilly, his voice echoing through the cliff walls of his little shortcut. Today was actually going to be quite fun indeed!

AN: Oh, dear. Scar is so cruel, even when he's not plotting to take over the Pride Lands. Will he succeed? You'll have to find out tomorrow.

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: Scar's Grand Plan

AN: Back for more? Good. You get the pleasure of reading two more chapters for your troubles.

Chapter Three: Scar's Grand Plan

Scar sighed at the sight of his 'top hyena agents': Shenzi, Banzai and Ed. Sometimes - no, *every* time - he found himself wondering why he even bothered to use them as slaves who would do whatever he told them to.

The trouble was, they always managed to fail at whatever Scar would ask them to do. They couldn't hit water if they fell out of a boat. Hyenas were the most appalling servants you could ever hope to have.

The only reason Scar even bothered to use them was because they tended to look up to him as some kind of leader. They were lost causes. They were worthless, pointless creatures, who never had any food and were always too busy cracking utterly awful jokes that had the power to make an actual comedian cry blood. And a lot of it, too.

As usual, Shenzi, Banzai and Ed were arguing over the latest inanimate object that they thought qualified as food. Their stupidity made Scar want to cringe. A lot. This time they were fighting over a pathetic-looking stick that they wished to eat.

But Scar knew they were his only hope of getting some kind of reward out of today. That certain reward being pure entertainment. Nothing more, nothing less. It was acts of cruelty like ruining someone's friendship with someone else that made Scar want to get up in the morning. Was it cruel, evil, horrible? Yes. But that didn't exactly stop Scar.

Scar wandered over to the three inept hyenas, who were still arguing over who got to eat the stick.

"It's not your stick!" Shenzi shouted at Banzai, pulling it away from him. "It's *my* stick!"

"I saw it first!" Banzai countered, trying to pull it away from her.

"You didn't see anything first!" she argued. "I'm the boss around here! Isn't that right, Ed?"

Ed just laughed maniacally and nodded, being the stupidest of all the hyenas in the Outlands. No one exactly knew why Ed was so unintelligent, but every time Scar looked at him he just thought that he shouldn't have dropped that rock off the wrong cliff. He didn't mean it. He was just aiming for Mufasa, that's all...

"I think you'll find I'm the boss around here," said Scar to the hyenas angrily.

Shenzi and Banzai immediately turned their attention to Scar, surprised by his unexpected visit.

Shenzi laughed nervously. "Oh... It's you, Scar. What are you doing here?"

"I have a job for you," he replied, smiling evilly.

In her mind, Shenzi groaned. She never liked that smile. It was Scar's evil smile that told her he was about to ask them to do something that they would most likely fail miserably at.

But, not wanting to face Scar's evil wrath - because it absolutely terrified her - she smiled acceptingly. "Sure," she said happily, although really she was dreading whatever Scar wanted them to do for him today.

"So, what is it?" Banzai asked casually.

Scar grabbed the hyena by the throat. "I ask the questions around here!" he boomed. "If you just waited instead of demanding it like the blabbermouth you are I would have explained already."

"My bad," he said, smiling nervously.

Scar smiled back, before throwing him to the ground. "Now, before I was *rudely interrupted*," he said, glaring at Banzai, "I was going to say that my little job I have for you today is very cruel indeed."

Shenzi chuckled evilly. She liked cruel things. It was in her nature. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all. "What kind of cruel things? Do you want us to kill someone? Can we eat them afterwards?"

Scar smiled and shook his head. "No, no, no. Better."

"Better than killing?" said Banzai. "I can't believe you didn't let us eat those outsider lions from the other day. They looked

so tasty, too. Instead you made us skin them alive and hide their skulls away."

"Are you questioning my judgement?" Scar demanded, angrily and loudly.

Banzai's mouth snapped shut. "No."

"Good. Those lions were just target practice for when I want you to start murdering people I *know*. And I think the skulls make a nice decoration for my home. It scares people away. So, here's what I want you to do: Simba's got himself a new friend, you see."

"Yeah," said Shenzi, nodding and smiling evilly. This sounded good so far!

"And they seem *ever* so close to each other," he continued.

"Yeah," Banzai said, starting to enjoy this. Whatever Scar wanted them to do sounded very good indeed! To them, at least.

"And since they're so close, I want you to..."

Shenzi and Banzai were up in Scar's face now, awaiting the horrid command from him.

"To break them up," he finished with an evil chuckle.

Shenzi and Banzai's jaws dropped in surprise. Ed just laughed manically, same as always. Did Scar, the cruellest lion in the world, just ask them to break up the friendship of two cubs?

"Seriously?" said Shenzi, raising an eyebrow in utter shock. Out of all the things he could have asked them to do, this was the one she least expected.

Scar narrowed his eyes. "When am I ever *not* serious? I want their friendship wrecked, ruined, *dead*. How clearer can I possibly be?"

"But it sounds so stupid," she blurted out, without even realising what she had just said. Oh, now he was going to be mad...

"*What?*" Scar exclaimed loudly, enraged.

Shenzi smiled nervously. "I was just... kidding."

Banzai laughed. "Yeah, get a grip, Scar." Scar grabbed Banzai by the throat again. "Good grip," he choked out.

"The plan is perfect, you idiots!" he shouted, throwing Banzai to the ground, although much harder than last time. "Think about it! Once we break up their friendship, Simba's irritating self-confidence will be shattered into a million pieces! I know how he deals with rejection, and he doesn't get it that often. It *destroys* him. And it makes him all the more easier to kill in the near future. Now do you understand, you pathetic mutts?"

"Well, I guess..." Shenzi replied, before Scar glared at her furiously. "I mean... Yes, I perfectly understand. No problems with me."

"Yeah, and after that, can you get us some food? Huh, Scar, huh?" Banzai asked hopefully.

Scar frowned. "Maybe," he replied. "If you manage to succeed. But be warned, if you don't..." He smiled cruelly. "The ramifications will be *severe*."

He ushered them off. "Now off you three go, into the Pride Lands, and go wreck that friendship."

The three hyenas wandered off, heading toward the Pride Lands.

"Oh, and don't forget," said Scar, causing them to turn around. "I'll be watching you."

Shenzi and Banzai looked at each other and gulped nervously. They didn't like the sound of that...

***Chapter 4*: Chapter 4: A Simple Game of Tag**

Chapter Four: A Simple Game of Tag

"Seventeen... eighteen... nineteen..." Simba counted as he piled up all the skulls he had found hiding amongst the rocks.

"This is getting *really* creepy now," Nala said, staring at the extraordinary number of skulls that Simba had piled up. "Who did all of this?"

Simba shrugged. "Someone who doesn't like lions?" he suggested jokingly.

Nala frowned disapprovingly. "I'm serious," she said, "how come there are so many skulls here?"

"Maybe they're not real," he said.

"Simba, there were still bits of brain in them. How could they *not* be real?"

"Okay, maybe not *all* of them are real," he added, picking up a random skull and looking inside. "Brain," he concluded, before throwing it aside and picking up another one. "Brain." He picked up another one. "Brain."

"I think I'm gonna be sick," Nala said, putting a paw to her mouth. "Either someone's burying lion skulls around here, or your Uncle Scar has a horrible taste in style."

Simba threw aside some more rocks and pulled out a massive lion skull. It was almost double the size of his own head. "Now *this* is cool," he said, placing it on his head like some kind of demented helmet. "Nala," he said in a deep spooky voice, "Let me poke your brain."

Nala giggled. "You know there's still parts of a lion's brain in there, right?"

The realisation hit Simba, and he immediately removed the helmet, throwing it aside, disgusted.

Nala was on the ground laughing hard. "Now that's funny!"

"You know what else is funny?" Simba asked.

"No. What?" Nala asked.

Simba prodded her. "You're it," he said before running away.

Nala frowned, before chasing after him. "Hey!" she called after him. "You could have at least told me *before* you told me I was 'it'."

Simba laughed as he ran. "Where's the fun in that? It gives me a head start."

"That's cheating!" she accused.

"Princes are allowed to cheat," he said back.

A determined smile formed on Nala's face. "We'll see."

Nala made a valiant leap at Simba, colliding with him and sending them both tumbling down a small hill, laughing all the way. Nala eventually landed on top of Simba, doing her usual routine of pinning him down.

"Got ya," she declared. "Now *you're* it."

Nala jumped off of him and took off, causing Simba to run after her. "Not for long!" he called after her.

Unbeknownst to the two cubs, they were being watched from behind a nearby rock.

"There they are," Shenzi said, pointing out Simba and Nala. "That girl must be his new friend."

"So, how are we gonna do this?" Banzai asked. "Torture them or something?"

"No, you idiot!" she replied. "We need to be clever about the way we do it."

"Last time I checked, we weren't ever clever," Banzai said, scratching his head. "Right, Ed?"

Ed laughed maniacally, which was what passed as a reply from him.

"So come on, what do we do?" Banzai demanded.

"I'm thinking, I'm thinking!" Shenzi answered, looking around for a solution to their problem. She surveyed their surroundings. All she could see were Simba and Nala playfully chasing each other, a few rocks and a few sticks. Not much, in all honesty.

A sudden plan formed in her head. It wasn't much of one, but it worked for her. "I've got it!" she exclaimed.

"What?" Banzai asked.

"We hit 'em with a rock!" she explained.

She was met with a cold glare from Banzai, and a laugh from Ed. "*That's* your great plan?" Banzai said.

Shenzi pointed to Simba and Nala. "Look at them. All we have to do is hit the girl on the head with a rock and she'll think he did it."

"What if they see us?"

"They won't see us," she said confidently. "It's too easy. Cubs blame each other for everything anyway. It's a piece of cake. We'll be eating a juicy slice of zebra before we even know it!"

"So... All we do is throw a rock?"

Shenzi nodded. "It's as easy as that. We hit the girl with a rock, they break up, and Scar gives us some food. It couldn't be any simple."

"Well, hit her then!" Banzai ordered.

"Don't rush me!" she said, looking around for a suitable rock to hit Nala with. She picked up a very sharp rock. "Ooh, this one's very sharp. This is sure to give someone a nasty bump for days!"

Shenzi then hit Banzai over the top of his head with the rock, causing both her and Ed to erupt with heavy laughter.

"What was that for?" Banzai groaned, rubbing his head in pain. Sure enough, a nasty bump had formed there. He had a feeling it was going last for days.

"For fun!" Shenzi replied through laughter.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," said Banzai angrily. "Just hit the cub with the rock."

Shenzi turned her attention to Simba and Nala again. Simba was still in the process of chasing Nala. It couldn't get any more perfect. Once Nala was struck with the rock she'd just *have* to assume it was Simba.

Shenzi aimed the sharp rock at Nala's head, ready to throw it at her. She couldn't miss.

However, just as she was about to throw it, Banzai hit Shenzi over the head with another rock he had picked up a few seconds ago. She cried out in pain and ended up hurling the rock randomly, causing it to sail right past Simba's head, narrowly missing him.

"That's for hitting me!" Banzai said to Shenzi, before laughing. Ed laughed even harder than before.

Simba felt something sail just past the back of his head, causing him to stop and turn around, confused. "What was that?" he said.

Nala looked behind, and noticed Simba had stopped chasing her. She turned around and ran back over to him. "What's up?" she asked, standing beside him.

"I think someone just threw something at me," he replied.

"*Threw* something at you?" she exclaimed. "Like what?"

Simba shrugged. "I don't know. But I'd like to know."

AN: Are the three hyenas going to get caught by our two favourite cubs? Find out next time. A few more reviews and I might update sooner...

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Throwing Objects

AN: You guessed it, two more chapters.

Chapter Five: Throwing Objects

Simba turned his head toward where he presumed the rock had been thrown at him. He failed to noticed Shenzi, Banzai and Ed behind the rock.

"Let's get out of here," Shenzi whispered.

"Good idea," Banzai agreed.

The three hyenas then promptly sped off - well, except for Ed, who Banzai had to drag along - not wanting to be seen by Simba or Nala.

Unfortunately, Simba was too late to spot them. Still curious, he decided to run over to the rock where the three hyenas were hiding behind. He peered over it. Nothing.

"Weird," he said, scratching his head.

"Well, what was it?" Nala asked.

"I don't know," answered Simba. He noticed a pile of small rocks a few feet away from him. He picked one up and showed it to Nala. "I think they were throwing rocks at us, though."

"*They*?" said Nala. "Who's 'they'?"

Simba shrugged. "How should I know? I have a feeling it's one of those cubs from yesterday, though."

"Why would they waste their time to come after us?" she asked.

"They're just jealous of me," he replied, smiling. "I don't blame them. When they see someone like me walking around they can't help but feel jealous."

"You can be so cocky," she told him, smiling.

Simba grinned. "I know." He looked around. "Come on, let's get out of here. Before they *don't* miss with the rocks."

The two of them then walked off in the opposite direction of the three hyenas, looking for something else to do.

"So, where are we going?" Banzai asked Shenzi, as they walked away from the scene of their latest pathetic failure.

"Home," she replied. "Let's just hide somewhere all day so Scar won't find us."

"Will that really work?" he asked.

"Well, this wouldn't have even happened in the first place if you didn't hit me over the head with a rock!" she answered angrily, glaring at him.

"Well, it's your fault for hitting me with a rock first!" he argued. "Isn't that right, Ed?"

Ed nodded furiously, his tongue hanging out. Stupid as ever.

"Oh, just shut up! You should feel lucky - Scar might have seen us."

At that point, Scar stepped in front of the three bickering hyenas, blocking their path and causing the three hyenas to trip over each other and land in a heap on the ground. He had a smile on his face. It wasn't a very friendly smile. It was more of a 'I know you've failed miserably' kind of smile.

"I might have seen what?" Scar asked the trio.

Shenzi smiled nervously at Scar. "Oh... Scar!" she exclaimed. "We were... uh... just on our way to see you."

"Oh, really?" said Scar. "Well, it was lucky I was on my way to see *you* then, wasn't it?"

Shenzi laughed nervously. "And... why would you want to see us?"

"I just wanted to ask you whether you destroyed those two cubs' friendship like I *asked you to*," he replied, glaring in their faces. He knew full well what their answer was going to be, as he had been watching them from the top of a cliff just above them. He just enjoyed toying with them. It was his idea of fun.

Banzai looked at Shenzi, frowning. "Uh..."

"Well?" said Scar, awaiting their inevitable reply.

"We..." Shenzi began nervously. "Kind of ran into a little... problem."

Scar chuckled sinisterly. "Problem, eh? What kind of problem?"

"Well—" Shenzi began, before Banzai cut her off.

"Look, we tried to hit one with a rock, so it would look like one hit the other, right? But then *she* hit me with a rock, and she gave me this bump that really hurt. So when she went to hit one of the cubs I hit *her* with a rock, and she ended up missing. We didn't want them to see us so we ran away," Banzai explained very quickly.

Scar chuckled again. "Oh, that's funny," he said, before bursting into laughter. "That's actually quite hilarious."

The hyenas then started laughing, thinking Scar thought the whole situation was kind of funny. Scar laughed along with them.

"Yeah. It was pretty funny," said Banzai through laughter.

"Yes, yes," Scar agreed, laughing along. "That's why I'm going to..."

Scar then grabbed Shenzi and Banzai by their throats, causing Ed to descend into maniacal laughter.

"*Rip your throats out!*" Scar roared, squeezing their throats, causing them to choke. "I ask you to do one thing! One *simple* thing! And you can't even do that!"

"We're... sorry..." Shenzi choked out.

"Yeah..." Banzai said, trying to nod with difficulty, due to Scar tightening his grip.

"What makes you think you deserve another chance from me?" Scar bellowed. "I should kill you right now! *Slowly*."

"Please, Scar..." Banzai pleaded while choking, his eyes half-closed. "Give us another... chance."

Scar glared at them for a few seconds, before throwing them both to the ground, covering his face with his paws. "Oh... Why do I even bother? The simplest tasks you find too hard. You're absolutely useless! However, since it's in my ever so *generous* nature, I will give you one more chance to end that friendship."

Shenzi breathed a deep sigh of relief. "Phew... Thank you, Scar. We promise we won't fail this time."

Scar smiled evilly and stared Shenzi in the eyes. "You'd better not. Otherwise your dinner tonight will be *yourselves*."

Shenzi and Banzai gulped nervously for what felt like the hundredth time. Ed just laughed, not really understanding the ramifications if they failed - and they probably *would* - again.

"Well... We'll get right on it," said Banzai, smiling.

"See to it that you do. And don't forget, I'm *always* watching," Scar told them.

The three hyenas then sprinted off back the way they came, praying that they wouldn't fail this time.

Scar sighed. "Hyenas," he mumbled, before walking in the opposite direction. They'd failed him before and would most likely fail him again. He'd had too many past experiences. Three hundred and seventy-five past experiences, to be precise.

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Splash!

Chapter Six: Splash!

Simba collapsed by the edge of the water hole, exhausted. "I didn't expect the water hole to be so far away."

Nala collapsed next to him. "I know what you mean," she agreed.

Simba peered across the water hole, and could see most of the other cubs had gathered round on the other side. It was then Simba noticed that he and Nala were the only cubs present on the side they were on.

Nala followed his gaze, and noticed what he was looking at. "Can you believe it?" she asked. "We probably look like outcasts to them."

Simba looked at Nala and smiled. "Nah," he said, "we're just the lucky ones. It's not everyday you get to make friends with the Prince. And if they don't want to be friends with me, then that's their problem. We're better off by ourselves."

"You really think so?" Nala asked, surprised. She thought he'd want thousands of friends.

"Yeah," he replied, smiling. "You're better than all of them put together. They're too... boring," he finished.

Nala smiled back at him. Simba... Cocky, arrogant, mischievous? Certainly. However, this translated to Nala as the perfect friend.

"What were you doing before you met me?" Nala asked him, curious.

He shrugged. "Getting into trouble, mostly," he replied, smiling. "I went into a lot of places I wasn't supposed to. I can't wait until I'm King, then I'll actually be *allowed* to go to those places. So, what were *you* doing before you met me?"

"Well... At my old pride things were actually pretty quiet. Nowhere near as much fun as it is here. Most of the time I was looking for stuff to do. But there *wasn't* anything to do. Come to think of it, it was actually really boring. I'm actually *happy* I've moved here."

"I'm happy you moved here, too," Simba told her. He chuckled. "I don't think I'd have a friend otherwise."

The two continued to talk, while from behind a tree - which just happened to be the tree Simba and Nala first met by - Shenzi, Banzai and Ed watched them.

"There they are," Banzai pointed out.

"I can see that, genius," Shenzi said. "Now, it's even easier than last time."

"Is is?" Banzai asked. "How?"

"*Because*, all we have to do is push the girl into the water hole while she and the Prince aren't looking. How hard can it possibly be?"

"You've said that fifty times before," Banzai informed her, "and it always ends horribly for us."

Shenzi rolled her eyes. "Shut up and just push her in."

"*Me*?" Banzai exclaimed, eyes widened. "No way. You do it."

"I'm not doing it - I hit 'em with a rock, remember?"

"No... You *tried* to hit them with a rock. You missed," he reminded her.

"Well, I wouldn't have missed if *you* didn't hit me with another rock!" she snapped. "Now go on, go push her in."

"You push her in!"

"No, you push her in!"

"You push her in!"

"You push her in!"

"Okay, okay," Banzai said, holding his paws up. "Let's *all* push her in."

"Huh?"

"Let's all sneak up on her and push her in," Banzai explained.

"Why?"

"Um... Because we'll have more strength with the three of us combined. Yeah, that's right. It'll be easier to push the cub in."

"Ed doesn't even know how to push!" Shenzi said, turning to Ed. "Do you, Ed?" Ed laughed manically. Satisfied, Shenzi turned back to Banzai. "See?"

"Can we just do it? Scar's going to be very angry with us otherwise..."

That seemed to do it for Shenzi. She'd seen what Scar was capable of, and she certainly didn't want to be on the receiving end of his bad side. If he even had a bad side. It seemed *every* part of him was bad. Evil to the core, that was Scar.

"All right, all right, let's just get it over with," Shenzi said. "And remember... we do it *very* slowly."

Banzai nodded. "Okay. You coming, Ed?"

Ed just stared at him blankly, like he didn't even hear Banzai speak.

"Okay," Banzai said, thinking that qualified as an answer from him. He turned to Shenzi. "Looks like it's just the two of us."

"Oh, that's just great," she complained, rolling her eyes. The two of them then slowly made their way toward Simba and Nala, who had their backs to the two hyenas, unaware that they were being approached from behind by them.

As Shenzi and Banzai got closer and closer, Simba and Nala remained unaware, continuing to happily talk and laugh.

Now right behind them, Shenzi and Banzai looked at each other, smiled evilly and closed their eyes, ready to push Nala into the water hole.

"Yeah, you're right," said Simba. "Maybe we should go there."

Simba and Nala then got up and left, walking away. Shenzi and Banzai then pushed with all their might. They never touched anything, though. Instead, they tripped over and fell straight into the water hole. They coughed and spluttered, opening their eyes.

"Would this be a bad time to mention I can't swim?" said Banzai.

Shenzi still couldn't comprehend what had just happened. "But... But they were right there. And we *still* missed them?"

"Hey, it looks like we're moving," Banzai observed, as the two of them were swept down the water hole by a current.

They tried to get out of the water hole, but the current was far too strong for them. They ended up getting swept away right to the bottom, where a familiar face was waiting for them.

The two hyenas came to their senses and looked up into the eyes of Scar, an unimpressed look on his face.

Scar sighed. "We have to stop meeting like this."

"Meeting like how?" Banzai asked.

Scar did his usual routine of roughly grabbing them by their throats. "Us meeting with you *failing* to end the two cubs' friendship and you *bumping into me to tell me of that failure!*"

"Who said we failed?" said Banzai, smiling nervously.

"I was watching you, you idiots!" he replied, tightening his grip on them. "And now I'm going to make you pay."

Scar's claws dug into their throats. The two choked. This was it. Scar was going to tear their throats out. But hey, pleading worked before, didn't it?

"Please, Scar..." Shenzi begged while Scar choked her. "One more chance?"

"*One more what?*" he screamed angrily.

"One more chance..." Banzai echoed. "Please?"

Scar glared at them furiously for a few seconds, before he decided to give in. "Fine," he rasped furiously. "One more chance." He threw them to the ground for the third time today. Some habits are hard to break.

"Oh, thank you, Scar," Shenzi told him. "Really, we promise we'll get 'em this time!"

"Just get out of my sight!" he snapped. "And this time if you fail, there won't be any more second chances. I'll make *sure* of it."

Shenzi and Banzai once again gulped nervously. This time Scar meant business. He was already at the end of his tether. One more failure and the two hyenas had no idea what Scar might do to them.

This was it. One more chance.

AN: The hyenas are in some hot - well, *boiling* - water right now. How will this endeavour end? Find out in twenty-four precious hours.

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: One More Chance

AN: The last chapter, folks. Altogether, actually. This didn't turn out the way I hoped, and suffice to say I'm cancelling this series. Nah, I'm just kidding. I'd never do that. Had you fooled for a second there, didn't I? Sorry if I scared ya.

Chapter Seven: One More Chance

Shenzi, Banzai and Ed had regrouped, and were once again on the hunt for Simba and Nala. But this time was to be the very last time. They had two options:

One - They could end Simba and Nala's friendship, gain Scar's approval and would have some food to eat.

Two - Die.

It didn't take too much work to figure out which option the hyena trio would take.

"We *can't* mess this up this time," Shenzi said, urgency evident in her voice.

"I know, I know," agreed Banzai. "Or Scar will force us to eat ourselves."

"In other words, we'll *die*," Shenzi told him.

"Yeah. That's right." Banzai nodded. "We'll die."

"Yeah, so this has to go perfectly. We can't make a single mistake."

"But we made a lot of mistakes the last two times," Banzai pointed out.

Shenzi glared at him angrily. "I know, that's why this time I said we *can't make any!*"

"Jeez, Shenzi, take a chill pill," Banzai told her.

Shenzi groaned angrily. "Never mind Scar, *I'll* kill you if you don't shut up."

"But isn't conversation a good way to—"

"Shut up!" Shenzi snapped at him, causing his jaw to snap shut. "Thank you," she said before turning away. "Now where are those little brats?"

"Hey, hey!" Banzai said, pointing to the middle of a field.

"What is it?" Shenzi asked, following his gaze. "Oh," she said once she realised, an evil smile forming on her face. "Now it's perfect."

Simba and Nala had fallen fast asleep next to each other in the middle of the field, exhausted from running around all day. Unfortunately, this provided the hyenas with the perfect opportunity to complete the task Scar had set them. If they pulled this off right, they'd be eating tonight for sure!

"So what's the plan?" Banzai asked.

Shenzi flashed her claws in Banzai's face. "We give that pretty girl's face a new makeover."

Banzai realised her sneaky plan, and began to laugh. "Yeah, it's funny because really we're making her ugly."

Shenzi rolled her eyes. "Thank you for stating the obvious. Come on; I want to get this over with."

The three hyenas sneakily made their way towards Simba and Nala, who were still unaware that throughout the day they had been relentlessly targeted by the troublesome hyenas.

For the hyenas, they thought they were on easy street. Slash Nala in the face and run off. As long as neither of them woke up, all clear signs would point to Simba as being the one who slashed Nala in the face, which would almost certainly end their friendship. It really couldn't get any simpler this time. It was like the two cubs were practically giving themselves up to Shenzi, Banzai and Ed.

"Here we go," Shenzi said, raising her claws to slash Nala in the face. "We're eating tonight, guys."

Just as she was about to strike Nala in the face, she stopped dead when she heard a yawn.

Simba rolled over, his eyes flickering open. He was awake!

The three hyenas all shot nervous looks at each other. Uh oh...

Simba rubbed his eyes, and when he finally came to his senses saw the three hyenas standing over him. His eyes narrowed at the sight of the dysfunctional trio.

"What are you doing here?" Simba demanded, unafraid of them.

"Uh... Gotta go!" Shenzi replied, before sprinting off. It was far too late - their cover had been well and truly blown.

"Hey, wait for me!" Banzai cried, dragging Ed along with him.

Simba scratched his head, confused. He didn't expect... Well, *that*. He looked to his side and noticed Nala was beginning to wake up.

She rolled over to face Simba, her eyes open. She yawned. "Oh, you're up," she said, noticing Simba. She noticed he had an enthusiastic grin on his face. "What are you smiling at?"

"You won't believe what just happened..."

"We made it!" Shenzi exclaimed upon reaching the Outlands, sliding to the ground.

Banzai and Ed were trailing behind her, exhausted from running the whole way. "Hey, why'd you make us run so fast?"

Shenzi looked at the two. "Don't you get it? We're home."

"So?"

"And Scar's not here, so we're safe from him killing us for failing him again. We've managed to avoid him!" she explained, happy that she wouldn't be forced to eat herself. Well, at least, not tonight...

Banzai nodded, starting to understand. "Oh yeah... He didn't catch us, so now we won't die." He jabbed Ed in his side. "Hey Ed, guess what? We're not going to die!"

This evoked a maniacal giggle from Ed.

"And there I was thinking Scar was going to make us eat each other. As if," she said, rolling her eyes. She didn't care what she said now. Scar wasn't around, so she was free to badmouth him all she liked.

Well, she *assumed* Scar wasn't around.

Unfortunately for the three hyenas, an angry Scar emerged from the opening to a darkened cave.

Once the three hyenas saw Scar with the furious - yet somewhat calm - expression on his face, they looked at each other, horrified. He'd been there all along.

Scar knew the hyenas inside out. He knew they would most likely try to escape back to what they called their home, just to try and evade his wrath. But Scar was too smart for them. *Far* too smart for them to fool him so easily.

Scar slowly made his way over to them, frowning. "Now, when I ask you to do something... I expect you to do it."

The hyenas nervously backed away. "Look Scar," said Shenzi, panicking, "it was harder than you think. Things just kept getting in the way and we couldn't do it!"

"Yeah!" Banzai exclaimed, terrified. "Listen to her, Scar! She's telling the truth!"

Scar said nothing to the three hyenas, and continued to approach them, getting terrifyingly close with every step he made.

The three hyenas were backed up against a cliff wall, and were cowering in fear as Scar approached them.

Finally, he lunged at them, causing them to scream at the top of their lungs.

"So, there were ten of them?" Nala asked Simba, as they walked back toward Pride Rock later that evening.

"At least," he replied. "Ten hyenas, all of them ready to eat us!"

"And let me guess... you scared them off?" presumed Nala.

"You bet I did!" he exclaimed. "I was like, 'Take this you hyenas!'," he said as he punched and slashed imaginary hyenas in the air. "And then they all ran off."

"Simba, are you sure you're not... exaggerating at all?" Nala asked. His story sounded very farfetched to her.

"Nah, it really happened. Why would I make it up?" he asked with a goofy grin.

Nala rolled her eyes. "Whatever you say, Simba."

At the entrance to the den, Simba and Nala were greeted by Sarafina at the entrance.

"So kids, anything interesting happen today?" she asked.

Simba and Nala looked at each other and smiled cheekily.

"No."

The End

AN: Typical ending from our two cubs, there. Well, that's this tale done. Be on the look out for the next one, which will feature one of my trendy self-made psychopathic villains.

NEXT TIME: Simba and Nala sneak away from the Pride Lands, and explore the jungles beyond. They'll wish they hadn't though, once they encounter Hago...